

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our sustaining Corne. A Centery send forth;
Search euery Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wisdom
In the restoring his bereaued Sense; he that helps him,
Take all my outward worth.

Cent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foster Nurse of Nature, is repose,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Cord. All blest Secrets,
All you vnpublisch'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans desires: seeke, seeke for him,
Least his vngouern'd rage, dissolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Newes Madam,
The Brittain Powres are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy businesse that I go about: Therefore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and see him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.

Reg. But are my Brothers Powres set forth?

Stew. I Madam,

Reg. Himselfe in person there?

Stew. Madam with much ado:

Your Sister is the better Souldier,

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lord at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my Sisters Letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith he is posted hence on serious matter:

It was great ignorance, Glousters eyes being out

To let him liue. Where he arrives, he moues

All hearts against vs: Edmund, I thinke is gone

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life: Morcouer to desery

The strength o' th' Enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.

Reg. Our troopes set forth to morrow, stay with vs:

The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam:

My Lady charg'd my dutie in this busines.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund?

Might not you transport her purposes by word? Belike,

Some things, I know not what: He loue thee much

Let me vnscale the Letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather

Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,

I am sure of that: and at her late being heere,

She gaue strange Eliads, and most speaking looks

To Noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosome.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I speake in vnderstanding: Yare: I know't,
Therefore I do aduise you take this note:
My Lord is dead: Edmund, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Mistis heares thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her,
So fare you well:

If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment falls on him, that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I should shew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.

Glou. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.

Glou. Me thinks the ground is euery.

Edg. Horrible steepe.

Hearke, do you heare the Sea?

Glou. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other Senses grow imperfect

By your eyes anguish.

Glou. So may it be indeed.

Me thinks thy voyce is alter'd, and thou speak'st

In better phrase, and matter then thou did'st.

Edg. Yare much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd

But in my Garments.

Glou. Me thinks yare better spoken.

Edg. Come on Sir,

Heere's the place: stand still: how fearefull

And dizie 'tis, to cast ones eyes so low,

The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre

Shew scarce so grosse as Beetles. Halfe way downe

Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:

Me thinks he seemes no bigger then his head.

The Fishermen, that walk'd vpon the beach

Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,

Diminish'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy

Almost too small for fight. The murmuring Surge,

That on th' vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes

Cannot be heard so high. He looke no more,

Least my braine turne, and the deficient sight

Topple downe headlong.

Glou. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Giue me your hand:

You are now within a foote of th' extreme Verge:

For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vp right.

Glou. Let go my hand:

Heere Friend's another purse: in it, a Jewell

Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods

Prosper it with thee. Go thou further off,

Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.

Glou. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his dispaire,

Is done to cure it.

Glou. O you mighty Gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your fights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great opposesse willes,
My snuffe, and loathed part of Nature should
Burne it selfe out. If Edgar liue, O blesse him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.

Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know no how conceit may rob
The Treasury of life, when life it selfe
Yields to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin past. Aloue, or dead?
Hoe, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, speake:
Thus might he passe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?

Glou. Away, and let me dye.

Edg. Had'st thou bene ought
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dst shiner'd like an Egge: but thou do'st breath:
Halt heauy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound,
Ten Maltis at each, make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.

Glou. But haue I false, or no?

Edg. From the dread Somner of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the shrill-gorg'd Larke so farre
Cannot be seene, or heard: Do but looke vp.

Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:

Is wretchednesse depriu'd that benefit

To end it selfe by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,

When misery could beguile the Tyrans rage,

And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Giue me your arme.

Vp, so: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You stand.

Glou. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is about all strangeness,

Vpon the crowne o' th' Chiffe. What thing was that

Which parted from you?

Glou. A poore vnfortunate Beggar.

Edg. As I stood heere below, me thought his eyes

Were two full Moones: he had a thousand Noses,

Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enrag'd Sea:

It was some Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,

Thinke that the clearest Gods, who make them Honors

Of mens Impossibilities, haue preferred thee.

Glou. I do remember now: henceforth He beare

Affliction, till it do cry out it selfe

Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you speake of,

Iooke it for a man: often 'twould say

The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.

Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear.

But who comes heere?

The safer sense will ne're accomodate

His Master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the

King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's about Art, in that respect. Ther's your

Presse-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crow-

keeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a

Moufe: peace, peace, this peece of tosted Cheefe will

doe't. Ther's my Gaunter, He proue it on a Gyant.

Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: 't'ch

clout, 't'ch clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Mariorum.

Lear. Passe.

Glou. I know that v

Lear. Ha! Conerill w

me like a Dogge, and t

my Beard, ere the black

no, to euery thing that

Diuinity. When the ra

winde to make me cha

peace at my bidding, th

out. Go too, they are

me, I was euery thing:

Glou. The trick of

Is't not the King?

Lear. I, euery inch

When I do stare, see ho

I pardon that mans life.

Adultery? thou shalt n

No, the Wren goes too

Do's letcher in my sigh

For Glousters baitard S

Then my Daughters ge

Too't Luxury pell-mell

Behold yond sumpring

Forkes prefaces Snow;

the head to heare of ple

the soyled Horse goes

rite: Downe from the

Women all about: but

rit, beneath is all the F

nes; there is the sulphur

consumption: Fye, fie,

of Ciuert; good Apoth

There's money for thee

Glou. O let me kisse

Lear. Let me wipe

It smells of Mortality

Glou. O ruin'd peece

Shall so weare out to na

Do'st thou know me?

Lear. I remember

squiny at me? No, doe

loue. Reade thou this

of it.

Glou. Were all thy

Edg. I would not ta

It is, and my heart brea

Lear. Read.

Glou. What with th

Lear. Oh ho, are y

head, nor no money in

uy case, your purse in a

goes.

Glou. I see it feeling

Lear. What, art ma

goes, with no eyes. Le

yond Iustice railes vpon

rhine care: Change pla

the Iustice, which is th

mers dogge barke at a

Glou. I Sir.

Lear. And the Crea

might'st behold the gre

obey'd in Office. Thou

hand: why dost thou l

backe, thou hotly lusts

thou whip'st her. The